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WEATHER FORECAST—UTAH—Unsettled Sunday, warmer in south portion; Monday, snow.

F. W. HENKEL, Chicago Representative, Tribune Building.

Forest Service Will Retain its Strength

Coming as a severe blow to the thousands of ardent and influential supporters of the magnificent work which he has been doing, the dismissal of Gifford Pinchot from his position as chief forester of the United States is not without some degree of consolation, and those who are familiar with the workings of this important department of the government service realize that while Mr. Pinchot's removal is in itself a national, and more particularly a western calamity; his efforts have been so successful that the service is now established on a foundation so firm that nothing will entirely destroy the good that it will yet do.

Ogden has cause for peculiar regret over the action of the organization powers at Washington, for to Gifford Pinchot's freedom from political restraint and to his unquestioned fairmindedness and honest judgment, this city owes a great debt. It was Gifford Pinchot and his excellent organization that took a broad-minded survey of the western situation, investigated every possibility and finally placed the headquarters of the Fourth district in this city.

If this were the sole debt that Ogden owes to Pinchot, the man, we would have no cause for complaint, because it is quite certain that the changes will not affect the local headquarters any more than they would naturally be hurt as a part of the whole service structure. As an important part of the great western empire which owes Pinchot more millions of dollars than it could ever repay, we cannot but feel deepest gratitude to the former chief and join with hosts of others in hoping that the battle is not yet ended and that in the long run, Gifford Pinchot will emerge from the fray, as he has done on many occasions, victorious.

As a matter of fact, the dismissal itself carries with it no sting of disgrace, for the American people realize that politics alone is to blame for the chief forester's dismissal and that upon a basis of merit he would have been retained.

The big grain of comfort in the whole matter is that Gifford Pinchot and his able lieutenants have erected a structure that is destined to withstand even the assaults of political management or mismanagement. The effectiveness of the forest service will never be entirely destroyed until every one of the lieutenants and assistants with whom Mr. Pinchot succeeded in surrounding himself, are removed, and if such a calamity should befall, there would be no forest service. We can, however, thank God for the civil service and Gifford Pinchot. Both were constructed with a view to absolute "squareness," and the former forester, at least, has "played fair" in every dealing that he ever had with the west.

COLD FEET TO THE MONK

BY GUS MAGER

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THEY ALL KNOW HOW.

Men who make newspapers sometimes believe that their profession is an exacting one. They are wrong. It is the simplest calling. Making a newspaper is an easy trick. Anybody can do it.

A lawyer with only a diploma and a brass sign, who would lose a suit even if the other side was ready to confess judgment, will tell you how to run a newspaper. A physician who would send his patient to the morgue before the prescription had been filled will know how stupid those men are who write "stories," edit "copy," wrestle with "heads" that don't fit and get the paper out on time.

One reason for the universality of perfection in this trade, among those who do not work at it, is that everybody has been employed in it. It is a most unusual thing to meet a man, who, when the occasion seems ripe, will not say, "I used to be a newspaper man myself." Every time a man works his county editor for a puff on the strength of a big pumpkin he graduates in journalism. When he writes a "piece" for the Squash County Clarion about "a most enjoyable entertainment," he completes his post graduate course in newspaper work, and when he writes a communication on both sides of the paper to the editor he becomes a thirty-third degree member of the tribe of scribe.

That so many men have abandoned literature for the law, medicine and other easy walks of life simply shows that many men would rather fail in one thing than another.—Louisville Times.

TO TRAIN VOICES OF "HELLO" GIRLS.

The "hello" girls of the three local exchanges of the Hudson River Telephone company, who have been undergoing a course in courtesy to patrons, are now, it is understood, about to take up voice culture through breathing exercises. It is hoped to be able to give patrons, calling up central, the pleasure of hearing the response from the telephone girl of "Number, please," in tones that sound like the voice of an operatic star. The breathing exercises, it is argued, will not only add to the musicalness of the girls' voices, but will increase the carrying power, besides improving their general health.

The breathing exercises have already been put into practice at the Montclair, N. J., telephone central with excellent results, and the same plan will probably be taken up here. One of the girls at the local exchange said today that while the first breathing exercise has not yet been ordered, the girls expect at any minute to be directed to attend to the switchboard standing, while the windows are thrown open. They will then be directed to breathe deeply of the fresh air for ten minutes. This will be done twice a day.

"We already have some singers on our board," said the telephone girl, "and their music teachers say the deep breathing will help them a whole lot. One of the girls told me that with the opportunity to practice both while at work and at home she expects soon to be able to make a hit in New York instead of just displaying her talents at Sunday school entertainments and parties."

But it is said that the management, while recognizing the benefits of the general exercises, is not expecting any general exodus of Albany telephone girls to the fields of operatic fame.—Albany Journal.

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Views and Interviews

Preston A. Blair, Stockgrower, Ogden—I've been in this section for fifty years and must say that we had the greatest sheep show that I have ever seen or ever expect to see. I think it was a grand success.

Dr. Drake, Stockman, Ogden—It was a great big royal welcome and was the best affair of the kind I have ever seen.

Adam Patterson, Stockman, Ogden—From my observations I think Ogden did herself proud. We had a great convention—and I have been to a great many of them. It was the best sheep show I ever saw.

Tom Mercer, Sheepman, Ogden—It was a grand success and we had the greatest lot of sheep I have ever seen gotten together.

Jesse Richards, Secretary and Sheepman, Ogden—I am so happy that I can't help giggling.

Billy Wilson, ex-County Commissioner, Ogden—Everybody seems satisfied. Nobody was held up. People tell me that they have secured better accommodations here for \$1.50 than for a five-spot in other cities on similar occasions.

John Hogge, representing the Wood Livestock company of Spencer, Ida.—We captured three first and two third prizes. The convention was a grand thing. I never saw better or as good. The sheep show was the best in the world.

"Gene" Davis, Butcher, Malad, Ida.—I came down for Thursday night's fight, but thoroughly enjoyed the proceedings in connection with the Wool Growers' convention. I am certainly well satisfied. We're pulling off a wrestling match at Malad next Friday night.—John Davis of Malad and Harry Thomas of Des Moines, Ia.

John Nelson and Edward Monson, Sheepmen, Malad, Ida.—We have no kick coming, for we have received the best treatment in the world. Ogden has not swindled us out of a cent.

F. J. Cobabe, Sheepman, Ogden—It was a great success. Everybody was treated fine. While I would like to have seen the 1911 convention come to Ogden, I am satisfied with Portland.

"Dave" Hopkins, Ogden—We had a good, gentlemanly crowd and I think that the convention was one of the best things that ever happened to Ogden.

Lampton's Inventions.
W. J. Lampton, the long, lank poet from Kentucky, has two inventions of which he is more proud than of his most peculiar poetry. They are a cinnamon splash—a drink that is worse the next day than pink elephant whiskey—and toothpicks with punch.

"I don't know why," explains the poet, "that nobody else ever thought of serving toothpicks in punch, a toothpick to a glass. How else can you pick out the strawberries and pineapple and cherries with which they fill most punches here in New York, I'd like to know?"—New York Press.

Soldiers Made Insane by Hypocrisy and Ignorance

A car filled with crazy soldiers is on its way from San Francisco to Washington, in charge of Major J. M. Kennedy. Of these unhappy insane men a majority will spend their days in a government insane asylum, and, in nine cases out of ten, this is due to the rank hypocrisy of Congress, the ignorance and bigoted fanaticism of Prohibitionists that have succeeded in abolishing the army canteen.

All of these insane soldiers are brought from the Philippines, and their insanity, as Major Kennedy says, is due to their drinking of the vile, poisonous, highly alcoholic drink called "bino," loaded with the vilest alcohol and full of other poisons. The men drink this dreadful stuff and become insane, BECAUSE IGNORANT PROHIBITIONISTS HAVE PERSUADED A HYPOCRITICAL CONGRESS TO ABOLISH THE ARMY CANTEEN.

President Taft knows that is true. Every member of Congress KNOWS that it is true. But the Congressman fears the much exaggerated voting power of the Prohibitionist, whereas he has nothing to fear from that carload of crazy soldiers, enlisted to serve their country and then made victims of stupid, hypocritical fanaticism.

When the soldiers had their canteen they were content, and they were, as a whole, a remarkably sober body of men.

No strong drink could be served in the canteen, and the men did not wander off to the whisky dive or craze themselves with vile native drink.

The man in charge of the canteen ranked as a non-commissioned officer. He allowed no man to drink to excess. Any soldier showing any sign of intoxication was ordered to go to bed, and he WENT—and the next day he was glad that he had been at the soldiers' club and been made to obey the rules of decency.

No man made a penny out of the canteen. Every cent taken in over and above expenses was devoted to providing delicacies—non-alcoholic—for the soldiers.

Today in the dives that surround army posts, old soldiers' homes and every other place where hypocrisy rules in the name of temperance, the soldiers and the old veterans are made the victims of sharks. They must drink vile poison or change a life-long habit and drink nothing.

Meanwhile the hypocrites in Congress who voted against the right of the soldiers to have their canteen drink as much as they choose, and WHEN they choose, and not a few of the ardent advocates of canteen abolition outside of Congress do the same.

This situation is disgraceful to the country, a sample of puritanical hypocrisy that should be tolerated no longer.

Men content to drink mild beer or light wines are forbidden to do that in the name of temperance, and then in the name of temperance and hypocrisy they are driven to the dive and to the vilest alcoholic poisons as a substitute for the truly temperate canteen.

Every officer in the army testifies that this is true.

General Fred Grant, himself an ardent prohibitionist, who marched in full uniform at the head of a Prohibition parade, declares that the abolition of the canteen has vastly increased drunkenness in the army.

Every army doctor knows that the abolition of the canteen has increased disease—the hospital record of our American army is today the WORST OF ANY ARMY IN THE WORLD.

How does that strike the men that would force their minority views on a majority, play upon the hypocritical subserviency of Congress, and, saying to men, "You shall not have temperate light drinks in your army club," force them to take instead the vile whisky of the dive here at home, or the vile native alcoholic poison in the Philippines?

Mr. Taft has shown courage to say what he thinks. Will he protect the soldiers against this cowardly outrage? Newspaper editors, every man of them knowing well that this is true, should explain to their several Congressmen that hypocrisy in the long run does not pay.

And sane, independent men in Congress should fight against the cowardly evasion of duty.

The canteen WILL BE RESTORED, and the army will not be permanently organized for the benefit of dive keepers.

What man at Washington will make it his business to see to this?—Chicago American.

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